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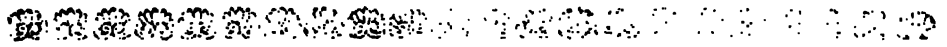


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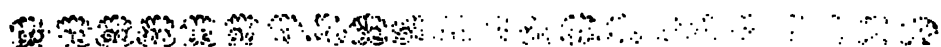
T O

WILLIAM LORD CAVENDISH.

Inimicus et invisus Tyrannis.



Price One Shilling and Sixpence.



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AN
EPISTLE
FROM
WILLIAM LORD RUSSELL,
TO
WILLIAM LORD CAVENDISH;

Written in NEWGATE, on FRIDAY Night, JULY 20th, 1683.

I own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
And my Soul's darling Passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or Love's or Friendship's sacred Band,
Beyond Myself I prize my Native Land;
On this Foundation would I build my Fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman Name,
Think England's Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
And die with Pleasure for my Country's Good.

ROWE.

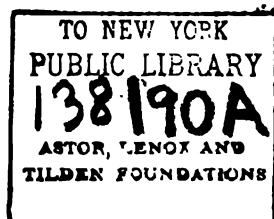
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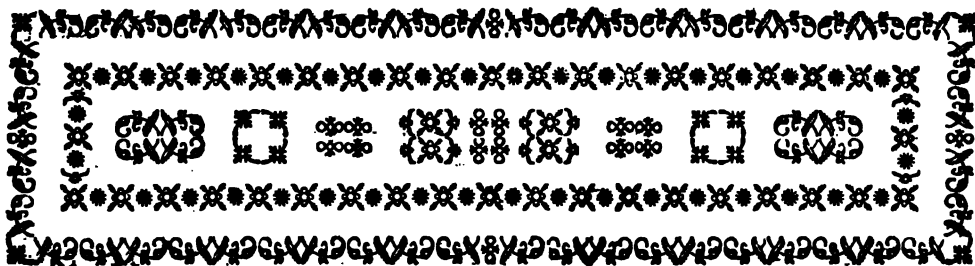
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MDCLXIII.

Britanni





A. N.

E P I S T L E, &c.

W O S T to the World, tomorrow doom'd to die,
L Still For my Country's Weal my Heart beats high.
T ho' rattling Chains ring Peals of Horror round,
 While Night's black shades augment the Savage Sound,
 Midst Bolts and Bars the active Soul is free,
 And flies unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear Companion of my better Days,
 When Hand in Hand we trod the Paths of Praise;
 When, leagu'd with Patriots, we maintain'd the Cause
 Of true Religion, Liberty, and Laws,

B.

Dis-

2 A N E P I S T L E.

Disdaining down the golden Stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid Tide;
Think not I come to bid thy Tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous Soul with Tales of Woe;
No: View me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome Mandate I obey'd---
Heav'ns! with what Pride that Moment I recall!
Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall!---
When ENGLAND'S GENIUS, hov'ring o'er, inspir'd
HER CHOSEN SONS, with Love of Freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd Train,
Minions of Pow'r, and Worshipers of Gain,
To save from Bigotry its destin'd Prey,
And shield three Nations from Tyrannick Sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious Flame,
The happy Omen of his future Fame;
Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
The clearest Head, and warmest, noblest Heart,
His Words, deep sinking in each Captiv'd Ear,
Had Pow'r to make ev'n Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's Lore,
Whose Tongue ne'er speaks but when the Heart runs o'er,
In

In plain blunt Phrase my honest Thoughts express'd,
Warm from the Heart, and to the Heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd; yes, Justice, let me say,
Well pois'd her Scales on that auspicious Day.
The watchful Shepherd spies the Wolf afar,
Nor trusts his Flock to try th' unequal War;
What though the Savage crouch in humble Guise,
And check the Fire that flashes from his Eyes?
Should once his barb'rous Fangs the Fold invade,
Vain were their Cries, too late the Shepherd's aid,
Thirsting for Blood, he knows not how to spare,
His Jaws distend, his fiery Eyeballs glare,
While ghastly Desolation stalks round,
With mangled Limbs bestrews the purple Ground.

Now, Memory, fail! Nor let my Mind revolve,
How ENGLAND'S PEERS annull'd the just Resolve,
Against her Bosom aim'd a deadly Blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!

Degen'rate Nobles! Yes, by Heav'n I swear,
Had BEDFORD's self appear'd Delinquent there,

And

And join'd, forgetful of his Country's Claims,
 To thwart th' EXCLUSION of APOSTATE JAMES,
 All filial Ties had then been left at large,
 And I myself the first to urge the Charge.

Such the fix'd Sentiments, that rule my Soul;
 Time cannot change, nor Tyranny controul;
 While free, they hung upon my pensive Brow,
 Then my chief Care, my Pride and Glory now;
 Foil'd I submit, nor think the Measure hard,
 For CONSCIOUS VIRTUE IS IT'S OWN REWARD.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtle Art;
 To wring Retraction from my tortur'd Heart;
 There lie, in Marks indelible engrav'd,
 The Means whereby my Country must be sav'd;
 Are to thine Eyes those Characters unknown?
 To read my inmost Heart, consult thine own;
 There wilt thou find this Sacred Truth reveal'd,
 Which shall tomorrow with my Blood be seal'd,
 SEEK NOT INFIRM EXPEDIENTS TO EXPLORE,
 BUT BANISH JAMES, OR ENGLAND IS NO MORE.

Friendship

Friendship her tender Offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving Pair,
Hopeless the Tyrant's Mercy-seat to climb ---
Zeal for my Country's Freedom is my Crime!
'Ere that meets Pardon, Lambs with Wolves shall range,
CHARLES be a Saint, and JAMES his Nature change.

Prefs'd by my Friends, and RACHEL's fond desires,
(Who can deny what weeping Love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a Moment quell'd
Th' indignant Pride, that in my Bosom swell'd;
I sued --- the weak Attempt I blush to own ---
I sued for Mercy, prostrate at the Throne.
O! blot the Foible out, my Noble Friend,
With human Firmness human Feelings blend!
When Love's Endearments softest Moments seize,
And Love's dear Pledges hang upon the Knees,
When Nature's strongest Ties the Soul enthrall,
(Thou can'st conceive, for thou hast felt them all!)
Let him resist their Prevalence, who can;
He must, indeed, be more, or less than Man.

Yet let me yield my RACHEL Honour due,
The tend'rest Wife, the noblest Heroine too!

Anxious to save her Husband's honest Name,
 Dear was his Life, but dearer still his Fame;
 When suppliant Pray'rs no Pardon could obtain,
 And, wond'rous strange! ev'n BEDFORD'S GOLD prov'd vain,
 Th' Informer's Part her gen'rous Soul abhorr'd,
 Though Life preserv'd had been the sure Reward;
 Let impious HOWARD act such treach'rous Scenes,
 And shrink from Death by such opprobrious Means.

O! my lov'd RACHEL! Name for ever dear!
 Not writ, not spoke, not thought without a Tear!
 Whose heav'nly Virtues, and unfading Charms,
 Have blest'd through happy Years my peaceful Arms!
 Parting with Thee into my Cup was thrown,
 It's hardest Dregs else had not forc'd a Groan!--
 But all is o'er---these Eyes have gaz'd their last---
 And now the Bitterness of Death is past.

BURNET and TILLOTSON, with pious care,
 My fleeting Soul for Heav'nly Bliss prepare,
 Wide to my View the glorious Realms display,
 Pregnant with Joy, and bright with endless Day.
 Charm'd, as of old when ISRAEL'S PROPHEET sung,
 Whose Words distill'd like Manna from his Tongue,

While

While the great Bard sublimest Truths explor'd,
Each ravish'd Hearer wonder'd and ador'd ;
So rapt, so charm'd, my Soul begins to rise,
Spurns the base Earth, and seems to reach the Skies.

But when, descending from the Sacred Theme,
Of boundless Pow'r, and Excellence supreme,
They would for Man, and his precarious Throne,
Exact Obedience, due to Heav'n alone,
Forbid Resistance to his worst Commands,
And place God's Thunderbolts in Mortal Hands ;
The Vision sinks to Life's contracted Span,
And rising Passion speaks me still a Man.

What ? shall a Tyrant trample on the Laws,
And stop the Source whence all his Pow'r he draws ?
His Country's Rights to Foreign Foes betray,
Lavish her Wealth, yet stipulate for Pay ?
To shameful Falsehoods venal Slaves suborn,
And dare to laugh the Virtuous Man to Scorn ?
Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the Name ?
In Luxury's Lap lie screen'd from Cares and Pains,
And only toil to forge his Subjects Chains ?

And

And shall he hope the PUBLICK VOICE to drown,
The Voice which gave, and can resume his Crown!

When Conscience bares her Horrors, and the Dread
Of sudden Vengeance, bursting o'er his Head,
Wrings his black Soul; when injur'd Nations groan,
And Cries of Millions shake his tott'ring Throne;
Shall flatt'ring Churchmen soothe his guilty Ears,
With tortur'd Texts, to calm his growing Fears!
Exalt his Pow'r above th' Ætherial Climes,
And call down Heav'n to sanctify his Crimes!

O! impious Doctrine!--Servile Priests, away!
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

HAPLESS THE MONARCH! Who, in evil Hour,
Drinks from your Cup the Draught of lawless Pow'r!
The Magick Potion boils within his Veins,
And locks each Sense in adamantine Chains;
Reason revolts, insatiate Thirst ensues,
The wild Delirium each fresh Draught renews;
In vain his People urge him to refrain,
His faithful Servants supplicate in vain;

He

He quaffs at length, impatient of Controul,
The bitter Dregs that lurk within the Bowl.

Zeal your Pretence, but Wealth and Pow'r your Aims,
You ev'n could make a SOLOMON of JAMES.
Behold the Pedant, thron'd in aukward State,
Absorb'd in Pride, ridiculously great;
His Courtiers seem to tremble at his Nod,
His Prelates call his Voice the Voice of God;
Weakness and Vanity with Them combine,
And JAMES believes his MAJESTY DIVINE.
Presumptuous Wretch! Almighty Pow'r to scan,
While ev'ry Action proves him less than Man.

By your Delusions to the Scaffold led,
Martyr'd by you, a ROYAL CHARLES has bled.
Teach then, ye Sycophants! O! teach his Son,
The gloomy Paths of Tyranny to shun;
Teach him to prize Religion's sacred Claim,
Teach him how Virtue leads to honest Fame,
How Freedom's Wreath a Monarch's Brows adorns,
Nor, basely fawning, plant his Couch with Thorns.
Point to his View his People's Love alone,
The solid Basis of his steadfast Throne;

D

Chosen

Chosen by them their dearest Rights to guard,
 The Bad to punish, and the Good reward,
 Clement and just let him the Sceptre sway,
 And willing Subjects shall with Pride obey,
 Shall vie to execute his high Commands,
 His Throne their Hearts, his Sword and Shield their Hands.

HAPPY THE PRINCE! thrice firmly fix'd his Crown!
 Who builds on Publick Good his chaste Renown;
 Studious to bless, who knows no second Aim,
 His People's Interest, and his own the same;
 The Ease of Millions rests upon his Cares,
 And thus Heav'n's high Prerogative he shares.
 Wide from the Throne the bless'd Contagion spreads,
 O'er all the Land it's gladd'ning Influence sheds,
 Faction's discordant Sounds are heard no more,
 And foul Corruption flies th' indignant Shore.

His Ministers with Joy their Courses run,
 And borrow Lustre from the Royal Sun,

But should some Upstart, train'd in Slavery's School,
 Learn'd in the Maxims of Despotick Rule,

Full

A N E P I S T L E.

11

Full fraught with Forms, and grave Pedantick Pride,
 (Myſterious Cloak! the Mind's Defects to hide!)
 Sordid in ſmall Things, prodigal in great,
 Saving for Minions, ſquand'ring for the State----
 Should ſuch a Miſcreant, born for ENGLAND's Bane,
 Obſcure the Glories of a proſp'rous Reign;
 Gain, by the Semblance of each praiſeful Art,
 A pious Prince's unſuſpecting Heart;
 Envious of Worth, and Talents not his own,
 Chafe all experienc'd Merit from the Throne;
 To guide the Helm a motley Crew compoſe,
 Servile to him, the King's and Country's Foes;
 Meanly deſcend each paltry Place to fill,
 With Tools of Pow'r, and Pandars to his Will;
 Brandiſhing high the Scorpion Scourge o'er all,
 Except ſuch Slaves as bow the Knee to BAAL---
 Should ALBION's Fate decree the baneful Hour--
 Short be the Date of his deteſted Pow'r!
 Soon may his Sovereign break his Iron Rods,
 And hear his People, for THEIR VOICE IS GOD's!

Ceafe then your Wiles, ye fawning Courtiers! ceafe,
 Suffer your Rulers to reſpoſe in Peace;

By

Defend her Laws, her Worship chaste, and pure,
 And guard her Rights while Earth and Heav'n endure!
 O! Let not ever fell Tyrannick Sway,
 His bloodstain'd Standard on her Shores display!
 Nor fiery Zeal usurp Thy holy Name,
 Blinded with Blood, and wrapt in Rolls of Flame!
 In vain let Slavery shake her threat'ning Chain,
 And Persecution wave her Torch in vain!
 Arise, O LORD! and hear thy People's Call!
 Nor for One Man let Three great Kingdoms fall!

Oh that my Blood may glut the barb'rous Rage,
 Of Freedom's Foes, and ENGLAND's Ills assuage!—
 Grant but that Pray'r, I ask for no Repeal,
 A willing Victim for my Country's Weal!
 With rapt'rous Joy the Crimson Stream shall flow,
 And my Heart leap to meet the friendly Blow!

But should the Fiend, tho' drench'd with human Gore,
 Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
 And, arm'd from ROME, seek this devoted Land,
 Death in her Eye, and Bondage in her Hand—
 Blast her fell Purpose! Blast her foul Desires!
 Break short her Sword, and quench her horrid Fires!

Raise up some Champion, zealous to maintain
 The sacred Compact, by which Monarchs reign!

Wife

Wise to foresee all Danger from afar,
And brave to meet the Thunders of the War!
Let pure Religion, not to Forms confin'd,
And Love of Freedom fill his gen'rous Mind!
Warm let his Breast with Sparks cœlestial glow,
Benign to Man, the Tyrant's deadly Foe!
While sinking Nations rest upon his Arm,
Do Thou the GREAT DELIVERER shield from Harm!
Inspire his Councils! Aid his righteous Sword!
Till ALBION rings with LIBERTY RESTOR'D!
Thence let her Years in bright Succession run!
And Freedom reign cœval with the Sun!

'Tis done, my CA'NDISH, Heav'n has heard my Pray'r;
So speaks my Heart, for all is Rapture there.

To BELGIA'S Coast advert thy ravish'd Eyes,
That happy Coast, whence all our Hopes arise!
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future King!
From whose green Years maturest Blessings spring;
Whose youthful Arm, when all-o'erwhelming Pow'r
Ruthless march'd forth, his Country to devour,

With

With firm-brac'd Nerve repell'd the brutal Force,
And stopp'd th' unwieldy Giant in his Course.

Great WILLIAM, hail! Who Sceptres couldst despise,
And spurn a Crown with unretorted Eyes!
O! When will Princes learn to copy Thee,
And leave Mankind, as Heav'n ordain'd them, Free!

Haste, mighty Chief! Our injur'd Rights restore!
Quick spread thy Sails for ALBION's longing Shore!
Haste, mighty Chief! 'Ere Millions groan enslav'd;
And add Three Realms to One already sav'd!
While Freedom lives, THY MEMORY shall be dear,
And reap fresh Honours each returning Year;
Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal Fame,
And endless Ages blest THY GLORIOUS NAME!

Then shall my CA'NDISH, foremost in the Field,
By Justice arm'd, his Sword conspicuous wield;
While willing Legions crowd around his Car,
And rush impetuous to the righteous War.
On that great Day be ev'ry Chance defied,
And think thy RUSSELL combats by thy Side;

Nor

Nor, crown'd with Victory, cease thy gen'rous Toil,
Till firmest Peace secure this happy Isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open Heart believe
Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive;
Fear may extort them, when Resources fail,
But O! Reject the baseless, flatt'ring Tale.

Think not that Promises, or Oaths can bind,
With solemn Ties, a ROME-devoted Mind;
Which yields to all the holy Juggler's faith,
And deep imbibes the bloody, damning Faith.
What though the Bigot raise to Heav'n his Eyes,
And call th' Almighty Witness from the Skies!
Soon as the wish'd Occasion he explores,
To plant the ROMAN CROSS on ENGLAND's Shores,
All, all will vanish, while his Priests applaud,
And Saint the PERJURER for the PIOUS FRAUD.

Far let him fly these Freedom-breathing Climes,
And seek proud ROME, the Fost'rer of his Crimes;
There let him strive to mount the PAPAL CHAIR,
And scatter empty Thunders in the Air,

Grimly preside in Superstition's School,
And curse those Kingdoms he could never rule.

Here let me pause, and bid the World adieu,
While Heav'n's bright Mansions open to my View!—

Yet still one Care, one tender Care remains;
My bounteous Friend, relieve a Father's Pains!
Watch o'er my Son, inform his waxen Youth,
And mould his Mind to Virtue and to Truth;
Soon let him learn fair Liberty to prize,
And envy him, who for his Country dies;
In one short Sentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuse to His the Virtues of Thy Soul.

Preserve thy Life, my too, too gen'rous Friend,
Nor seek with mine thy happier Fate to blend!
Live for thy Country, live to guard her Laws,
Proceed, and prosper in the glorious Cause;
While I, though vanquish'd, scorn the Field to fly,
But boldly face my Foes, and bravely die.

Let princely MONMOUTH courtly Wiles beware,
Nor trust too far to fond paternal Care;

Too

Too oft dark Deeds deform the Midnight Cell,
 Heav'n only knows how noble Essex fell !
 SIDNEY yet lives, whose comprehensive Mind
 Ranges at large through Systems unconfin'd ;
 Wrapt in himself, he scorns the Tyrant's Pow'r,
 And hurls Defiance even from the Tow'r ;
 With tranquil Brow awaits th' unjust Decree,
 And, arm'd with Virtue, looks to follow me.

CANDISH, Farewell ! May Fame our Names entwine !
 Through Life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine ;
 With pious Rites let Dust to Dust be thrown,
 And thus inscribe my Monumental Stone.

HERE RUSSELL lies, enfranchis'd by the Grave,
 He priz'd his Birthright, nor would live a Slave.
 Few were his Words, but honest and sincere,
 Dear were his Friends, his Country still more dear ;
 In Parents, Children, Wife, supremely blest'd,
 But that one Passion swallow'd all the rest ;
 To guard her Freedom was his only Pride,
 Such was his Love, and for that Love he died.

YET FEAR NOT THOU, when LIBERTY displays
 Her glorious Flag, to steer his Course to Praise ;

For

For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his Fate,
And think'st, perhaps, his Suff'rings were too great,)
Bless'd as he was, at HER imperial Call,
Wife, Children, Parents, he resign'd them all;
Each fond Affection then forsook his Soul,
And AMOR PATRIÆ occupied the Whole;
In that great Cause he joy'd to meet his Doom,
Bless'd the keen Axe, and triumph'd o'er the Tomb.

The Hour draws near---But what are Hours to me?
Hours, Days, and Years hence undistinguish'd flee!
Time, and his Glafs unheeded pass away,
Aborb'd, and lost in one vast Flood of Day!
On Freedom's Wings my Soul is borne on high,
And soars exulting to it's native Sky!

F I N I S.

THE
WEST BRITON,

BEING

A COLLECTION OF

P O E M S,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Thomas Grady

Unhappy wit like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings,
Whose fame with pains we gain but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please,
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone.

POPE.

Dublin

Printed by Graisberry and Campbell,
FOR BERNARD DORNIN, 108, GRAFTON-STREET.

1800.



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DEDICATION.

TO

JOHN WALLER, ESQ.

DEDICATIONS generally proceed from one of three motives; necessity, vanity, or honourable ambition.—The first requires a patron, the second solicits the ornament of a title, and the third associates some name appreciated only by its virtues. I do not want the first, I despise the second, but I glory in the third.

Not thinking it necessary to send my name with my book into the world, curiosity may be busy as to who and what I am; and as there is some characteristic by which every man seeks to be distinguished, I desire to be estimated by this—That from the time you were capable of forming a sentiment upon reflexion to the present day, we have lived in the most undisturbed sympathy of friendship.

I know how impossible it is to add substantially to your resources in retirement, but recollecting how often you have been amused by my absurdities in person, I am induced to send you the following poems to act as my representative. They have one merit (the only merit that Doctor *Johnson* allows to *Sommerville's* Poems) they are short—If therefore they shall not contribute to your amusement, you will not have to lament any extraordinary consumption of time—or to damn

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

MR. POPE laments the fate of modern authors, as contrasted with the authors of antiquity, that fame being the only reward of either, the former who were confined to a partial language, were circumscribed to the applauses of a nation, while the latter, who wrote in the universal languages, were candidates for fame as universal.—But how much more lamentable is my case, who have written a Poem that will not be read, or if read, not generally understood beyond the sphere of its operation, the Hall of the Four-Courts.

There I have the vanity to think it will be read, felt, and understood, and if it be some mortification, to consider, that as a writer I shall only be admired by one society of men, I am abundantly consoled in the reflexion, that that is the most enlightened society in the world.

If I find, however, that it shall be more generally read than I at present expect, and that I have not presumed too much upon the admiration of my brethren, I shall, in a future Edition, take a more enlarged and comprehensive view of the subject, elucidating by notes the technical allusions, for the benefit of my unprofessional readers; but to use the words of my great Prototype, Lord Coke, “for the present this little taste shall suffice.”

P R E F A C E.

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.



THE first edition of this poem, I published to gratify myself, the present edition I publish to gratify my Bookseller. My vanity (and I had no other object) was abundantly indulged in the *almost* universal pleasure with which it was received and read by the profession. But it seems by the following letter which I had from my Bookseller, Mr. DORNIN, that he had a more solid object in the publication, which has not yet been (and perhaps never will be) fully accomplished.

THE AUTHOR.

108, GRAFTON-STREET,

APRIL, 1800.

“ SIR,

“ WHEN you did me the honour last year to appoint me (as
 “ it were) midwife to the muse, for the purpose of bringing
 “ into the world that most inestimable and legitimate progeny of
 “ hers, the Barrister;—(or to speak unfiguratively, when
 “ you gave me the publication of that poem) you limited me to
 “ 2000 copies, then conceiving that number to be more than
 “ sufficient for the sphere of its subject. Give me leave to assure
 “ you, Sir, that in this transaction (as I trust in every other of
 “ my life) I acted with the utmost integrity, that I struck off the
 “ 2000 copies to a fraction, and that of those 2000 copies
 “ I had not one remaining at the end of two months. From
 “ that period, Sir, to the present, my shop has been continually
 “ invested, and I have been besieged with incessant demands,
 “ solicitations, and requisitions for that poem, from which I in-
 “ fer, that so far from being only read by the profession (as
 “ you seemed to think would be the case) it has been read by
 “ many men, many women, and many children besides, inso-
 “ much that the *termini* or landmarks of its circulation are not
 “ to be defined, that and so far from being only read in our
 “ own courts, it will shortly be read in all the courts of Europe.

“ Suffer me, therefore, Sir, with the greatest respect to fo-
 “ licit the liberty of publishing a second edition, to which, if
 “ you would add a few verses by way of novelty, at once to
 “ vary the editions and to enhance curiosity, you would do me
 “ not only a favour, but an essential service. A Bookseller,
 “ Sir, must be very incapable of moral observation, who after
 “ a moderate portion of experience, cannot say what is most
 “ likely to hit the public mind ; and I do affirm, that nothing
 “ will take in this country, that is not, in some degree, acidu-
 “ lated, and that in proportion to the infusion of this pungent
 “ principle will be the effect of the composition.

“ That kind of composition, Sir, is miraculous in its opera-
 “ tion, which acts (as it were) with an inverse effect, which
 “ gives pleasure to the reader precisely in proportion to the de-
 “ gree of pain it gives all his acquaintances. Hence, Sir, I
 “ have heard several speeches in our expiring theatres of elocu-
 “ tion here, which by their partizans have been applauded, not
 “ only as models of oratory, but as systems of reasoning, but
 “ which being utterly deficient in strength and dignity of thought,
 “ power and happiness of expression, comprehensiveness of view,
 “ general information, classical allusion, chaste simplicity or orna-
 “ mental embellishment of style, candid premises or logical de-
 “ ductions, and which not at all relating to the subject matter
 “ would be dead letter, but that they were animated by a suf-
 “ ficient degree of furious abuse and personal invective.—And
 “ therefore, Sir, I am warranted to say, that ridicule and satire
 “ are the life and soul, and that all the other parts are the
 “ baser elements of composition.

, “ Give me leave Sir, with the greatest respect for his person
 “ and character to instance Mr. Kirwan, certainly the greatest
 “ orator of this age.—The effect of his oratory has been solid in-
 “ deed, because it has been the most productive that ever inspired
 “ the pulpit. To what then is he indebted for such unexampled
 “ success? Will any man believe that it is to the energy of his
 “ manner or the dignity of his appeals?—the splendor of his
 “ images, or the harmony of his periods?—the cause that he
 “ advocates or the spirit that he breathes?—No, no—no such
 “ thing. Every one goes to hear him, because there he is sure
 “ to hear the foibles the follies and the vices of his acquaintances
 “ and most particular friends held up to public contempt and de-
 “ testation, never foreseeing that before the thunders cease to roll
 “ and the lightnings to flash, a bolt will be levell’d at himself.—
 “ And here Sir, is the faculty in which this great man, stands
 “ pre-eminent as a moralist—That if his congregation consists of
 “ ten thousand intelligent persons, there is not one among them
 “ who does not in the course of an hour and a half’s invectives,
 “ feel a sentence so peculiarly personal and appropriate to himself,
 “ as if it could apply to nobody else.—Every moral, (that is in
 “ other words every satirical) performance should possess this qua-
 “ lity, and according to the proportion in which it is possessed
 “ will the performance be excellent. Satire has no merit, unless
 “ it be founded in nature, and if it be founded in nature how-
 “ ever general it may be in its scope and object, it must apply to
 “ individuals—However, Sir, I conceive with great deference to
 “ your better judgment, that the most successful performances in

“ this line, are those, where the writer while he is drawing gene-
 “ rally from nature, yet keeps some individual in his eye as a
 “ model. To illustrate this as to poetry we may mention that it is
 “ always the practice with painters, and particularly suffer me to
 “ remind you Sir, that Michael Angelo, in order to draw his fa-
 “ mous picture of the Crucifixion, felt himself under the necessity
 “ not only of binding a man to a cross in the most excruciating
 “ manner, but of stabbing him to the heart in order to accom-
 “ plish the resemblance.—

“ Your hawk Sir, is a bold one, and fly it let me beseech you
 “ at a noble quarry—But on my account let me request that you
 “ will be cautious——

“ Mantua vix miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ —.”

“ I live too near College-Green Sir, and they have a way of
 “ sending their messengers, after unfortunate printers.—But
 “ this rod will soon be so far removed, that there will be no
 “ danger, and then :——

“ Give me leave, Sir, with the most profound respect, to
 “ suggest, that by adding at some future time two parts more
 “ to this poem, it may be rendered one of the most useful, and
 “ at the same time delightful works that ever was published in
 “ any country. It would then comprize the bar, the bench,
 “ and senate, as the last twenty years were the most important
 “ this country ever witness, so the talents of the country were
 “ at their *acme* during that period, and those three societies may
 “ be said to comprize them all. The principal theatre of the

“ three for the display of public talents is now, or shortly will be
 “ no more; nothing therefore could be more interesting than a
 “ work at once moral, biographical, and characteristic, which
 “ may afford to posterity a view of the genius and moral facul-
 “ ties of those three great societies during that important period,
 “ the properties by which so many were elevated and so many
 “ depressed.—In short, Sir, a work of this sort holding a kind
 “ of middle-place between poetry and history, enlivened with
 “ anecdotes and embellished with episodes, is a *desideratum* of
 “ more importance than *you* can be aware of, and one that I
 “ have personal and particular reason to know, is at this moment
 “ zealously solicited, and would be liberally remunerated in the
 “ Imperial metropolis.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Sir,

“ With much gratitude

“ And respect,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ B. DORNIN.”



THE

BARRISTER.



THE die is cast, I've had a full probation,
And all my life henceforth shall be vacation.
Ten times I've hail'd the morrow of All Souls,
Since first in Panoply I sign'd the rolls.
Ten years with humble but attentive mien 5
I've mark'd the chequer'd genius of the scene,
From ***** diffuse in declamation roaring,
To the terse logic of th' accomplish'd *Saurin* ;
But now no more I'll condescend to drag
A string-proud, humbug, unproductive bag, 10
From the rough thunders of th' Exchequer forum,
To the keen breeze of Chancery decorum.
Too firm to droop, too proud to lick the dust,
In disappointment, but in no disgust,
Some happier track my little bark shall sail, 15
And court the impulse of some kinder gale ;
Such prudent course full many a lawyer took,
And quitted Lord, for Secretary Cooke.

Blest be the morn of life—the school-boy's days,
 While hope irradiates ev'ry step he strays : 20
 What, tho' false concords haunt his troubled dreams,
 The mace, bright symbol, in perspective gleams ;
 Delusive mace, which, with coquettish leer,
 Beckons far off, but shuns as we draw near !
 Once in those days from school and ushers free, 25
 As I read *Cic'ro* on my Father's knee,
 (For *Cic'ro*'s praise my father was most loud in,
 Yet knew no more of *Cic'ro* than of *Plowden*)
 With grateful rev'rence bending to the sky,
 Affection's crystal glist'ning in his eye, 30
 " My Son " quoth he " thank God and thank thy tutor,
 " Thou'lt be a Judge if Satan stand but neuter,
 " Not half such talents at thy years were shewn,
 " By *Huffey Burgh* or *Antony Malone*,
 " Not *Hutchinson* his tongue could roll so glib on, 35
 " Nor so precise and clear was old *Fitzgibbon*,
 " No chilling wants shall then thy fortunes mar,
 " If all I'm worth can bring thee to the Bar."
 Hail, sacred prejudice of parent love,
 Erratic virtue ! instinct from above ! 40
 'Tis thine to view thro' false prismatic glass,
 And on that view a false fond doom to pass ;
 'Tis thine too oft' to dedicate the fruits,
 And judge their flavour ere the blossom shoots.

'Tis thine with fust'ring fondness to remove 45
 Thy kitchen-garden plants into the stove,
 'Till press'd and gall'd—in aromatic ire,
 The tender pines and sensitives expire ;
 'Tis thine alas ! to sconce the barber's stall,
 And show'r unnumber'd wig-blocks on our hall ! 50

Behold me next in academic gown,
 Panting to win the scientific crown,
 By painful vigils, toiling to explore
 The deepest mines of mathematic lore,
 The test of truth, enquiring reason's guide, 55
 The scale and compass, by which doubts are tried ;
 Chastis'd by this, the faculty we gain
 To think precisely, and to think in train ;
 By proofs obstructed, loose and indirect,
 The cumbrous mass this teaches to reject, 60
 Link after link in due concatenation,
 Leading the mind to perfect demonstration ;
 This *Hardwicke* made, and *Mansfield* what they were,
 And dignified our nation with a *Clare*.

At length in form the Middle Temple saw, 65
 My name enroll'd a vot'ry of the Law,
 A zealous vot'ry faithful to the creed,
 That pains and perseverance must succeed ;
 With this a maxim, this a habit got,
 What did I read ? Alas ! What did I not ? 70

Rescripts and Pandects, Institutes and Acts,
 Abridgments, Digests, Glossaries and Tracts,
 Entries and Comments, Indexes and Tables,
 But mere reports I read like *Æsop's Fables*.
 Urg'd by ambition, and no languor feeling, 75
 I read from *Domesday* ev'ry book to *Keeling* ;
 And thence by unabating ardour press'd
 To the last new case in *Durnford* and *East*,
 Where *Kenyon* censures but without conviction,
Mansfield's encroach on *Thurlow's* jurisdiction, 80
 For in my judgment, nothing could be fuller
 Than *Mansfield's* reasons, as upheld by *Buller*.

Three years I labour'd thus to scale the Bench,
 O'er heaps of murder'd Latin, and of French :
 And then, Oh dire reflexion ! (courteous reader,) 85
 Two years I drudg'd beneath a special Pleader,
 There learn'd like *Anthony* the Fact to smother,
 Or justify one Libel by another,
 I glean'd, compil'd, fet down and then eras'd,
 Abridg'd, abstracted, noted, common-plac'd, 90
 'Till fain to be a Luminary bright,
 I scarcely left myself a Ray of Light,
 Then vouch'd by ev'ry pledge that toil cou'd bring,
 I sought the harvest of no common spring.

Two years in spruce, but yet in sober trim, 95
 Modestly neat, forensically prim,

Speciously chearful, but with inward grief,
 I walk'd the Hall unburden'd by a Brief.
 Soon I beheld what might my zeal restrain, 100
 Scare-crows enough to fright me from the grain,
 Decay'd old drones with evil-boding hum,
 Wheeling in fullen circles round the dome,
 By clients, briefs, and ev'n their barbers, left,
 Of social joy, because of hope, bereft,
 To no great man, no kind protector link'd, 105
 And after possibility extinct.

Next these a class of anxious form appear,
 Still slaves to hope—tho' verging on despair.
 Gods! how they woo with never-aching eye,
 The random glance of Agents passing by, 110
 How one kind squeeze has made their bosoms throb,
 From either *Reeves*, the *Jobny* or the *Bob*,
 What golden hopes their drooping souls beguile,
 When *Billy Furlong* deigns a courteous smile,
 But vain their angling for this cautious wight, 115
 He shews his teeth—but never takes a bite,
 And vain alas the glance, the smile, the squeeze,
 They serve to tickle, but by tickling teaze,
 The Brief still pass'd them, till the Agent sunk it,
Frankland, in thine, or in thy vortex, *Plunket*. 120

Polemics next in busy groupes I saw,
 Who moot incessant ev'ry point but Law,

Of *Buonaparte*, *Mammalukes*, finance,
 The *Lazaroni*, or the last new dance,
 Correct the Crescent of bold *Nelson's* line, 125
 Or trace the spot, where *Jourdan* cross'd the *Rhine*,
 Who criticise each word of *Pitt* or *Canning*,
 But spare all Comment'ry on *Matthew Manning*.

Within the courts I saw, but saw too late,
 The bus'ness chiefly done by six or eight, 130
 Fav'rites of fortune! whose sagacious hand,
 Cull'd from five hundred, this her filken band.
 Plac'd in the van, some fears possess'd their mind,
 For ever and anon they look'd behind,
 'Twere hard, they knew, to hold that station long, 135
 The ground was slipp'ry and the press was strong,
 Lift but a foot—The rere-rank-man they feel,
 In lock-step-progress treading on their heel.

I saw, for rank and for substantial earning,
 Some other things more valuable than learning, 140
 All this appall'd me—But it seem'd not meet,
 " Ere yet I dar'd the battle, to retreat—

One night, dejected as at home I fate,
 Sadly revolving o'er my luckless fate,
 " Five years," said I, " of precious youth consign'd, 145
 " To dim my eye-sight and to blunt my mind,
 " Consign'd to books so dull, confus'd and muddy,
 " No man of taste could bear them in his study,

“ Five years of youth ! irrevocable treasure !
“ While ev’ry sense was harmoniz’d to pleasure ! 150
“ My fav’rite classics sacrific’d for lumber,
“ Text without method, Comments without number,
“ And thou oh *Pope* ! by all the muses grac’d,
“ Who first inspir’d, whate’er I have of taste,
“ Joy of my feeling mind, while yet ’twas such, 155
“ Strung like thy Lyre, it trembled at thy touch.
“ Oft in those days from noon-tide heat I’ve stray’d,
“ With thee, my sole companion, to the shade,
“ And hung upon thy fascinating strains,
“ ’Till light’s last blushes faded o’er the plains. 160
“ Why did I leave thee ? Why for fortune pant ?
“ I love not money, and I knew no want,
“ You taught me what to canvas, what despise,
“ For wealth or pow’r no human thing to prize,
“ Taught me, what share of earthly blifs to find, 165
“ In a free muse and independent mind,
“ To ‘ curse the verse how well soe’er it flow,
“ That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
“ Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
“ Or from the soft-ey’d virgin draw a tear,’ 170
“ You taught me too, all culprits not to spare,
“ Taught me how much the jealous muse shou’d bear,
“ Taught me that Vice secure upon its Throne,
“ Is aw’d and touch’d by Ridicule alone.”

While thus to happier days reflexion flies 175
 A maiden Brief salutes my raptur'd eyes,
 Sudden to Black-letter I change the strain,
 And now Belle-letter's treated with disdain.

“ Thrice happy me ! who took such pains to learn,
 “ All that was dry and intricate in *Fearne*, 180
 “ More certain path to dulness-living-thrift
 “ Than all the wit of *Sberidan* or *Swift*,
 “ This leads to Wealth, Wit marshals me to ruin,
 “ 'Tis a false light that tempts to our undoing,
 “ *Butler* and *Otway* died of very famine 185
 “ Chief priests, chief judges mostly die of cramming ;
 “ Sad tax on wealth are gravel, gout, and bile,
 “ But gripes as painful, and by far more vile.
 “ Since then in either case one's life is forfeit
 “ Who'd die of want that cou'd drop off in surfeit. 190
 “ How happy is the blameless prelate's lot
 “ His rebel flock despis'd, abjur'd, forgot,
 “ In rank how courted, honour'd, and ador'd,
 “ When ev'ry slave that greets him says—“ my Lord,”
 “ Deep in debentures, frugal as to books, 195
 “ A critic only as to wines and cooks,
 “ Nor type nor binding on his coffers call,
 “ *Luke White* his author, editor and all.
 “ On him school sophistry her arts may spare
 “ And controversy's shafts are sped in air.” 200

- " Coxcomb Philosophy ne'er clouds his brain,
 " And Metaphysics spread their mists in vain,
 " Sleek and serene no sceptic qualm intrudes
 " No science puzzles and no wit deludes.
 " His thoughts on government all firm as rock 205
 " Are drawn from Falk'ners Journal—not from Lock,
 " From hist'ry's page he learns not hist'ry's crimes,
 " The Journal gives the hist'ry of his times.
 " No blessing needs—while he digests his food,
 " And knows no mis'ry—while his soup is good, 210
 " Then mild as infants dimpling sinks to rest,
 " Rapt in the visions of some future feast.
 " But wicked dreams th' uncurtain'd wit abuse
 " A stiff-neck'd patron or a flimsy muse
 " Splicing harsh syllables, or mending shoes 215 }
 " Here then th' eccentric comet I abjure
 " For that fix'd star so fortunate and sure,
 " Led by whose light without another ray
 " B. C. and D. have scrambled into day
 " But shall I count by ev'ry stupid elf, 220
 " I who have such resources in myself,
 " That on this question if there be display'd
 " The tenth of what I know, my fortune's made,
 " Oh if this Brief, shall but afford me just,
 " One *shifting* use, or one *resulting* trust, 225

" I'll shew the diff'rence both to court and clients,

" Twixt vain pretenders and a man of science."

But ah! while thus I felt and priz'd my force,
The Brief appear'd to be, *a word of course*.

Still I resolv'd abundant pains to take, 230

And by mere Statement character to make.

Unconscious of its tones, my voice I tun'd,

Each pause adjusted, and each period prun'd

With ardent hopes my zealous fancy fed,

And certain of not sleeping went to bed. 235

Th' unpractis'd virgin, innocent and wild,

Taught but by instinct, nature's glowing child,

Who oft in visions snatch'd a vivid gleam,

And now decreed to realize her dream,

Desiring, fearing, trembling, hoping, burning. 240

Feels just such pangs as harass'd me 'till morning.

And now with'd morn arriv'd, and in my place,

Full in the presence of the awful mace,

Call'd on to move, I rose with due devotion,

And lowly bowing, thus I made my motion. 245

" Plaintiff *Paul Pike*, defendant *Darby Dancer*,

" My Motion is for further time to answer,

" Just six weeks time—my Lord I humbly crave it,

" I move on *Samuel Eastwood's* affidavit."

Proceeding then in periods duly rounded, 250

To state the Facts on which my claim was grounded,

A learned Serjeant springing with a pounce,
Cut short my motion and my speech at once.

Quoth he (while I in sad surprize was lost)

“ My lord, this Motion you’ll refuse with Cost. 255

“ The Notice is informal—full of flaws,

“ ’Tis not entitled in the proper cause.”

This blow I felt as tho’ ’twere from a hatchet,
For I knew no case in the Books to match it,

Oh if to Withernam the motion bore me, 260

What little chance he’d have to stand before me,

But to pick holes in Notices, a knack ’tis,

Beneath the dignity of learned practice.

Still on my legs and still in dire dismay,

Without reply, without a word to say, 265

No friendly sympathy my breast reliev’d,

But round the Court a titter I perceiv’d.

Perhaps ’twas but the phantom of my fear,

And yet methought I saw *Jack Dwyer* sneer,

Then my knees shiver’d and my head grew light, 270

And Seals and Six-clerks swam before my sight.

At length somewhat recover’d from despair,

I thus to Heav’n address’d a fervent pray’r.

“ Spirit of *Coke*, from whom all learning springs,

“ Oh hover round me with thy sacred wings, 275

“ Teach me this adverse tide of things to meet,

“ With some deep inf’rence or some quaint conceit,

" Nor leave me here the jest and scorn of fools,
 " Like thy *Six Carpenters*,—without their tools.
 " Was it for this I bound in skin of Leopard, 280
 " Of Law thy precious *Touchstone*, gentle SHEPHERD,
 " Was it for this I walk'd the Temple gallery,
 " Five hours each day to con thee, special MALLERY,
 " Was it for this of oil I spent six firkins,
 " In poring oe'r thy pretty page poor PERKINS, 285
 " Whereas I might have got a hint more lively,
 " From *Woods* the Six-clerk or his Brother *Stevely*."

'Twas all in vain,—so ended my renown,
 And so despis'd and laugh'd at I sat down.

For three long years I bore th' oppressive weight, 290
 Of this (on my part blameless) sad defeat,
 No Agent's Clerk, my credit to restore,
 Darken'd my entrance, or approach'd my door,
 No Judge with sly insinuation bland,
 Whisper'd my name and merits thro' the land: 295
 But some revil'd me—(why, I ne'er could know it,)
 With sneer contemptuous—" Oh that man's a Poet."
 Thus to my wit my miseries I trace,
 And the poor Muse is yok'd with my disgrace.

And yet Lord Coke by some mad Poet bit, 300
 Sometimes wrote verses, and affected wit,
 Too dull indeed, his rise in life to fetter,
 But it is my misfortune to write better.

Fortune thus adverse, next I tried to win her,
 By giving th' Agents many a jolly dinner— 305
 But this to balance brought no great encrease,
 I gave in mutton what I got in fees ;
 Besides I found at close of computation,
 On debtor side this weighty observation,
 " My butcher's was a ready-money trade, 310
 " The Briefs were mark'd THREE GUINEAS *to be paid*.
 " So note the diff'rence"—Here I fled the strife,
 Resolv'd t'enjoy what still remain'd of life.

Say, in those days, what gifts ensure to rise ?
 Fairly to win, and won, to keep the prize ? 315
 Could *Downes's* judgment ? *George's* vig'rous mind ?
 Or all that's great in *Chamberlain* combin'd ?
 Ask learned numbers in your back-ground thrown,
 Their voices heard not, and their names unknown.
 Ask all those talents, by oppressive doom 320
 Condemn'd to fade like flowers round a tomb !
 Can the silk gown ? Ask all the mercer trade ;
 The silk in tatters, yet the bill unpaid.
 The slipp'ry goddess ! What, can nothing gain her ?
 Endless attention, sycophant demeanour ? 325
 Ask yonder drudge who scarce with tooth and nail
 Can hold the eel of bus'ness by the tail.
 Where long the tide sprung high with flood of gain,
 Why ebbs it now, the hidden cause explain ?

Or that from whence strange speculation rose ? 330

The monstrous bar phenomenon disclose,

Why in full splendour, *Burton* set so soon,

As if the sun portentous sunk at noon !

Chief of the Hall, less envy'd than belov'd,

As Genius daring, and as truth unmov'd, 335

When others stated some entangled fact

And left it still a wild and barren tract,

Let him but gild the chaos with a ray,

Arrangement smil'd, and darkness hail'd the day;

Though mild, inflexible, though ardent, clear, 340

Though temp'rate, zealous, though humane, severe.

When rous'd by fraud or by oppression struck

His honest soul with indignation shook

The prostrate culprit felt no mortal rod,

It was the thunder of an angry God ! 345

What then this much vex'd contest can ensure,

Will perseverance do it ? Ask *****

These last ten years with mute but stubborn zeal,

He eyes, but holds no converse with THE SEAL :

Fix'd to one spot, ne'er verging to or fro, 350

Just in the center of the foremost row :

In Chanc'ry Practice daily waxing wiser,

And of the Inner Bar a Supervisor,

Not mov'd by gusts, nor diligent by fits,

Placid and pertinacious there he sits, 355

Wasting his sweetness, and with patience steady,
Counting each brief that's handed to *O'Grady*;
Not so in *Lifford's* days, but in his function,
Spinning like spider's web his fell injunction;
Involving Justice in prepenſe confuſion, 360
Clause within clause, eternal involution!
Can none remember? Yes I know all will,
The wild meanders of his fluent quill:
When non-sense like the owl of darkness stood
Perch'd on his foretop in the mazy flood: 365
When Fortune's self his Briefs triumphant bore,
And Law and Grammar trembled on the shore;
When all th' attornies of his lungs cou'd brag,
And his appear'd to be a leading Bag!



THE REPOSITORY.



THE REPOSITORY.

TO compromise the pains of Hell,
Some pious matrons deign'd to sell,
Thread, pin-cushions, and bobbin,
The profits on the poor bestow'd,
Free-cost to Heav'n insur'd their road,
Such is th' extent of jobbing.

Each morning at their ware-house met
By way of lounge this zealous set,
Of Moralists decided;
Rousseau, Le Clos, and Faublas read,
Abus'd the living and the dead,
And B—— in state presided.

A prying youth of daring mind,
Their orgies to behold inclin'd,
A task of peril ventur'd;
Disguis'd one morning and array'd,
In habit of a blooming maid,
This mystic temple enter'd.

Scarce had he reach'd within their view,
When B—— his sex by instinct knew,
Sweet sympathy of woman !
Then quick as lightning seiz'd the boy,
Resolv'd his garments to destroy,
With ardor most inhuman.

Just then came in two lovely fair,
To purchase lace or nets for hair,
And saw the wild commotion,
The captive youth forgot his chains,
Became a prey to pleasing pains
And gaz'd with fond devotion.

Th' infuriate B—— now jealous grown
Of Charms, she knew were not her own,
Forgot her rank and station ;
And fierce as fifty German boors,
She thump'd and kick'd them out of doors
With horrid imprecation.

And now to ev'ry eye held out
His sex no more remain'd a doubt,
Completely stript by Madam,
A naked pile of flesh and blood
" God-like erect," the hero stood,
As Milton sung of Adam.

“ Young man,” quoth B—— “ your crime’s not small,

“ You must do penance on us all,

“ Into this snare for falling ;”

At this each matron round him trips,

And pants for hope and licks her lips

Her sweet revenge forestalling.

Close by there stood a small alcove,

Fit scene for punishment—or love,

For flogging or for flirting ;—

But here the virgin muse oppres’d,

With decent shame conceals the rest,

And down she drops the curtain.

THE REQUISITION.

APR 1951

THE REQUISITION.

—•••••—
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE COUNTESS OF GLANDORE,

AT

ARDFERT.

WRITTEN AT TRALEE, THE AUTHOR AND HIS PARTY HAVING RETURNED
THITHER ON THEIR WAY FROM KILLARNEY.

—•••••—

RETURN'D from the Lake, as delighted as merry,
And determin'd to see *all the beauties* of Kerry,
Our little republic was pleas'd to decree,
That a Ball should assemble this night at Tralee,
The Sheriff hath therefore at our dread command
Sent forth all his *posse* to summon the land,
And no less obedient smooth Crosbie the pious,
Who in pleasure and peril hath closely stood by us,
So happily gifted with fly-tongu'd persuasion,
Hath us'd all his influ'nce and art on th' occasion.

Thus things are *en traine* for the measure—but you,
Whom we cannot command, we most fervently sue.

Let them talk of Killarney—its *lovely-fine* shades,
Its woods, and its wilds, and its dreadful cascades,
Its mountains and monsters—my passions are human
Give me to contemplate a *lovely-fine* woman.
A week 'midst the solitudes spent, and the floods
Hath made me as wild as the Man of the Woods,
And since when our faculties thus are untam'd
'Tis only by woman they can be reclaim'd,
Oh come! with one polish'd, tho' summary view,
And soften the *savage* you well may subdue.

TRALEE,

SEPTEMBER 25, 1799.

THE MUSE.



THE MUSE,

AN ODE,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CAROLINE MORRISON.

URG'D by my wayward fortune's spight
Or by the Muses smitten,
Oft when you press'd me still to write
And publish what I'd written,
In vain by frowns severely chaste
Old Wisdom then withheld me,
Could I resist, when Beauty, taste,
And wit, and rank impell'd me ?
But ah ! *as yet* you little know
How dang'rous is the passion,
That drives to make one common foe
Of greatness and of fashion.

If stooping to the meaner throng
I aim the lowly stricture,
What int'rest in the vulgar song
And who'd peruse the picture?

Or if I swell with courtly praise
The proudly flowing lyric,
Dishonour'd, hang my drooping bays
For who reads panegyric?

If at the great with scowling eyes
I take a deadly level,
And "shoot their folly as it flies"
They'd rather see the devil.

Or if no appropriate vein
I draw at large from nature,
Some wounded mind betrays its pain
And I'm "a horrid creature."

Then as to friends not over-choice
They'd let the very mob in,
'Gainst wits alone select and nice
They form a strong round robin.

To guard this pass, their creatures fit,
(For this they entertain 'em)
And there like toads they swell and spit
The deputies of venom!

If now and then a wit slips in
Their vigilance eluding,
To sudden silence shifts the din,
Appall'd at his intruding.

No more with frisk and prank my lord
Throws point and pun so pat in
No more my lady treats the board
With scraps of Greek and Latin.

No more in soothing sounds he sighs,
"Your fame must live for ever,"
No more with bland response she cries
"I vow you're vastly clever."

But all to gloom dismay and fright
The fiend-like presence turning,
Each wig-hair standing stiff upright
And blue the candles burning.

Meanwhile th' ill-omen'd wit looks on,
Not captious or disdainful,
Deriving from this homage done
Pre-eminence, most painful.

Next day if some lampoon comes out
(A school-boy's poor transgression,)
They all denounce it beyond doubt
That Caitiff's composition.

Thus Wit not only oft intrudes
On social life's endearment,
But still more fatal far, precludes
The portals of preferment.

Strike or not strike, if once they know
The talent is thy dower,
The conscious mind expects the blow
And hates thee for the power.

We all endure with mod'rate spight
Superior wealth or Station,
But none can bear superior height
Of mental elevation.

From this exalted moral tow'r,
As from Olympus' summit,
The real depths of wealth and pow'r
You sound, as with a plummet.

You find that wealth no worth denotes,
Because full oft the fact is,
'Tis made by selling snuff—or votes
Or by some meaner practice.

Title you find is now reproach,
And stock-brokers will scorn it,
For who affords to buy a coach,
But also buys a cor'net?

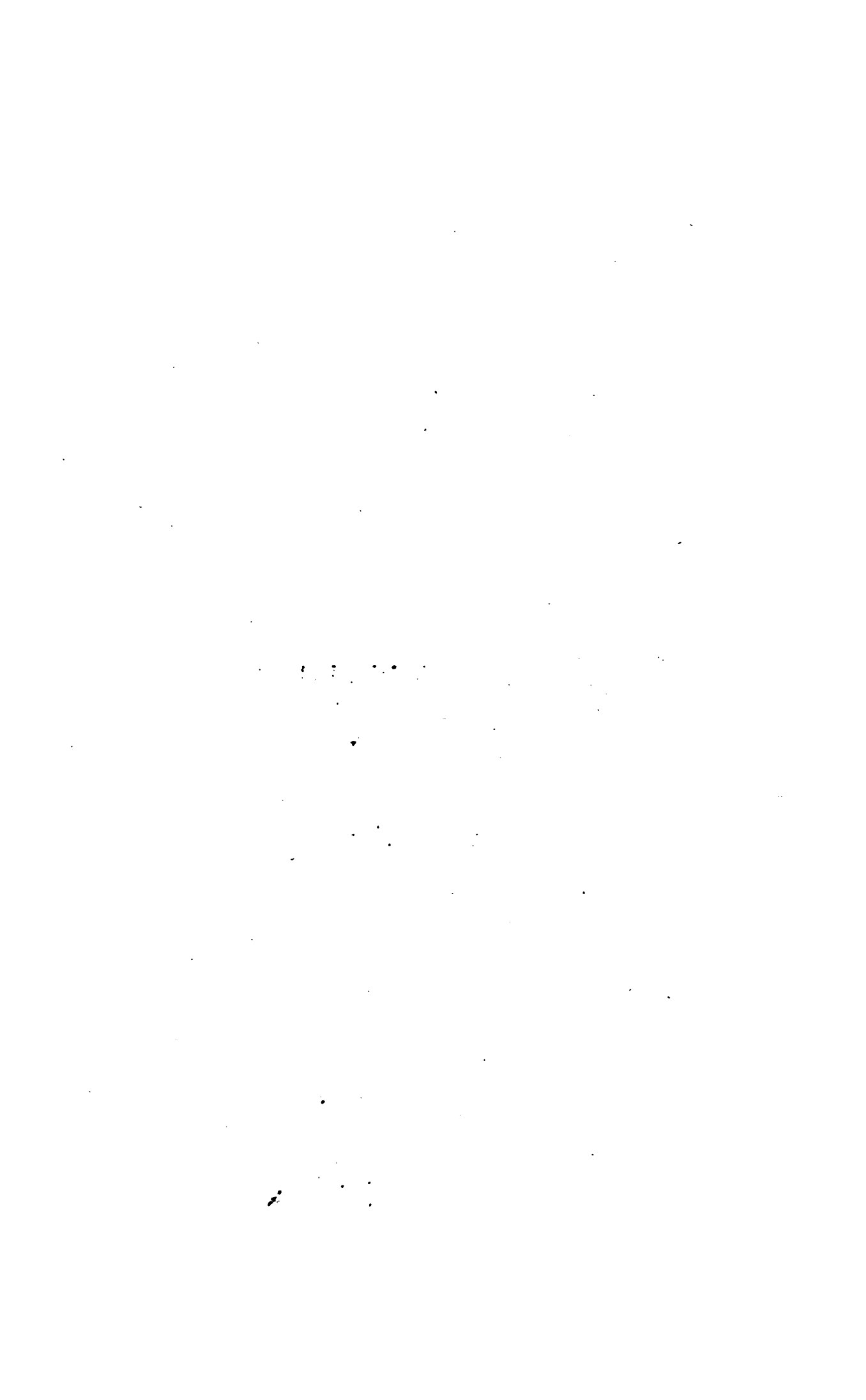
What talent, station may require,
A scavenger's explains it,
Who drives most dirt for lowest hire
Is he who always gains it.

Let such the sacred muse deride,
Contemn, malign, disclaim her,
But be by this their slander tried,
Wou'd you be *Swift* or *Damer*?

With those materials in one's way,
So obvious and obtrusive,
To bid one write—is just to say,
“ I beg you'll be abusive.”

To shun these shoals there is 'tis true,
One course as clear as happy,
'Tis this—with care to study you
And from the portrait copy.

THE FLESH-BRUSH.



THE FLESH-BRUSH,

BY A FRIEND.



WHEN Venus from the briny flood
In heavenly radiance, beauteous flood,
And dazzling like the morning sun,
Had ris'n a brighter course to run.
(For he with transitory light,
His sceptre yields to gloomy night;
While *her* imperishable fire
Best kindles, when *his* rays expire.)
As from th' exulting wave she rose
Without one single stitch of clothes,
It happen'd, tho' of heavenly mould,
The goddess felt a little cold,
And shudder'd from the sudden shock,
As from a dipping at Black Rock.

5

10

While every little wanton breeze, 15
 Without remorse her beauties seize,
 And am'rous Zephyrs lift her tresses,
 And fan them in their loose caresses,
 She could not chafe herself,—you know
 One hand above, and one below 20
 Were posted,—why? I cannot guess,
 As sentries *a la Medicis*.—

The lovely shiverer despairs,
 Then looks to Heav'n and says her pray'rs.
 "Oh Jupiter, by Jove I'm cold, 25
 "Diana, I will ne'er be bold,
 "Apollo shine, and damn your lyre,
 "Good Vulcan, make a little fire,
 "Oh Merc'ry or Prometheus steal it.
 "Beg, borrow it, but let me feel it; 30
 The envious deities amus'd
 With Beauty's miseries refus'd
 And all in turn, themselves excus'd.
 Sarcastic Dian's prudish nature
 Was shock'd to see the naked creature, 35
 And moralizing from the school
 Cries "hottest love is soonest cool."
 The jealous *Sol* withheld his rays,
 More jealous Vulcan hid his blame,

Bacchus was drunk, and Momus hearty, 40
 And Mars—was making Buonaparte,
 Those friends whom most her suff'rings cou'd shock,
 The Loves and Graces—were with Woodcock,
 Pan busy at his pipe and tabor,
 And all the Muses—were in labour, 45
 While Mercury, (great Jove was ill)
 Was out on business in a pill.

Phyic's old God alone was seen
 To feel the pangs of Beauty's queen ;
 So Esculapius goes down stairs 50
 To see the state of—her affairs,
 Then mounting Pegasus's back,
 Trots off the old Olympian quack.

The lovely patient look'd so fair,
 And breath'd such sweet ambrosial air, 55
 The Doctor thought there was some charm
 That she was cold, and he so warm,
 Suspected it was only hips,

But felt her pulse, and—lick'd his lips:
 " Madam," quoth he, " this sudden breeze 60
 " Hath caus'd the sanguine tide to freeze,
 " And gentle friction must restore
 " The circulation as before.
 " This FLESH-BRUSH properly applied,
 " With now and then, a little ride, 65

" Good air and gentle exercise,
 " And soft repose will soon suffice :"
 Then taught her how to use the charm,
 And cried, "*From henceforth, Love be warm.*"
 He bow'd,—she fee'd him with a smile
 Coin'd in the mint of Cypria's isle.

70

And now with joy the goddess burn'd
 For quick the tide of health return'd,
 Soon as the treasure met her eyes,
 The orient tinge was seen to rise,
 The crimson in her cheek to glow,
 And spread its rich suffusion low,
 The roseate hues each other chac'd,
 O'er iv'ry neck and taper waist,
 And decent pride and modesty,
 Blush'd thro' each fine extremity ;—

80

" Oh pretty nostrum," she exclaims,
 " Flesh Brush, or by whatever names
 " Posterity may please to call thee,
 " May nothing wrinkled e'er appal thee !
 " The vot'ries who confess my power
 " Shall wear thee, to time's latest hour,
 " And each a *little brush* display,
 " Emblem of delegated sway,

85

“ Transmitting medicinal * skill 90
 “ In the sweet cure of every ill ;
 “ Were veins with chill stagnation full,
 “ As Lapland cold, as Holland dull,
 “ Thy magic touch shou’d life impart 95
 “ And send it dancing to the heart,
 “ While all the spirits rallying rush,
 “ Obedient to the *sovereign Brush* :
 “ Nor yet good doctor god, Esculapy,
 “ Be thou forgot who mad’st me happy, 100
 “ My slaves shall pay thy power divine,
 “ The favourite honours of thy shrine,
 “ And many a time on bended knee,
 “ Shall sacrifice a *Cock** to thee.—

105

— — —
 This said, the Goddess seiz’d the prize,
 And hid it from enquiring eyes,
 Just in the spot† — — — }

Oh ! Muse forbear,

And stop your naughty triplet there.—

110

* A Cock, was the bird sacred to Esculapius, and whoever recovered from a dangerous illness sacrificed a cock to that Deity.

† There is here an *hiatus* in the original.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE

PRIVATE THEATRE,

DUBLIN,

IN THE YEAR 1795,

BY

TREVOR LLOYD ASHE, ESQ,

AFTER THE

TRAGEDY

OF THE

FAIR PENITENT.

EPILOGUE.

PUFF is the word—No talents we inherit
Float on the stream of pure intrinsic merit :
Conscious of this, the Statesman by a taper
Corrects his speech, then puffs it in the paper ;
By puff the Lawyers and the Chemists hope
To sell their fustian or their violet soap.

From such wise precedents, I've deign'd to borrow,
And penn'd the following for the Press to-morrow :

[Pulls out a paper and reads.]

“ Last night the Private Theatre display'd
“ The fav'rite vot'ries of the mimic maid.
“ Miss Gough's Calista dazzled expectation,
“ So bold, so just, it scarce seem'd imitation ;
“ While Altamont, tame creature ! humbly knuckled,
“ A faithful portrait of a modern cuckold.

“ Butler’s Lothario, haughty, gallant, gay,
“ Excus’d the frail one whom he forc’d to stray,
“ Yet for this vice he unregretted fell,
“ The worst of human frailties—KISS AND TELL.
“ Lotharios now-a-days reverse the blifs,
“ And the TELL always runs before the KISS,
“ Hence ev’ry club is stun’d with puppy scandal,
“ And female fame knock’d down—*by inch of candle*.
“ Jones in Horatio, moral, squeamish, true,
“ From Nature—(but old-fashion’d Nature) drew.
“ A very spoil-sport, who, in modern times,
“ So far from thinking things like these were crimes,
“ He’d let his wife supply the *bon amis*
“ With lounging sofa, prints, and *jaloufies*.
“ Leslie’s Sciolto, bold and energetic,
“ Touch’d the true chord when warm, or when pathetic.

“ Our Audience, too, display’d a constellation,
“ Of splendor, wit, of beauty, youth, and fashion.
“ Bosoms that scorn in fullen shade to linger,
“ That to their orbs wou’d tempt an hermit’s finger,
“ Loose lengthy limbs, breast-high, and undisgrac’d
“ By that unmeaning medium call’d a waist,
“ Teeth that shame pearls—eyes that the stars out-twinkle,
“ Foreheads of parian white, and—damn the wrinkle.”

[*Puts up the paper*]

How oft, alas ! a wretched Player feels
At second hand, the scourge of human Ills,
A stubborn feather, or a knot ill tied,
A riband or a regiment denied,
Writes on the house or pimples on the face,
Losing a tooth—or losing of a place.
Each individual ill an audience shares,
Blackens our sky, and frowls upon the play'rs.

First comes a formal youth to lay his lash on,
A pert prime popinjay—a fool of fashion,
Whose ruling pride is to be seen and known
In that bewitching circle call'd the ton,
Nods from a Duke who takes as solid bounties,
And scarcely breathes if three yards from a Countess;
For this he cuts his jealous College cronies;
For this he's quiz'd, wherever real ton is;
And was not ask'd, if there be truth in rumour,
To the last party giv'n by Lady Bloomer;
With this misfortune fest'ring all the night,
Nor scenes, nor play, nor players give delight.

Long had it been Myrtilla's pride to move,
First in the spheres of gaiety and love;
To rule at revels, dashing give the ton,
Joy of our sex, and envy of her own,

On downy pinions life scarce seem'd to fly,
Nor felt the years—tho' years, alas drew nigh !
Till at the mirror, of her eye-brows vain,
Their well arch'd beauties while she stoop'd to train,
Three milk-white hairs she happen'd to descry !
And infant crows-feet clust'ring round her eye !
That night not Momus cou'd her thoughts engage,
From all the horrors of approaching age,
The men's neglect, the saucy gibes of youth,
The glass detested for its hoary truth ;
No more at plays to see the swarm about her,
As if the circle were a blank without her ;
No more to force her fav'rite box from *Mara*,
Queen of the ring no more to flaunt at *Faro*,
But doom'd t' endure the greatest mis'ry we know,
Stuck up with three dull dowagers at *Casino*.

The Lawyer next deals out sarcastic fally,
I see them there by dozens in Fop's alley :—
Less and less frequent on his sounding door
If now th' attorney's rap invites no more.
If while his juniors' brief-bags full as ocean,
With cause, cross-cause, demurrer, plea, and motion,
His only holds (a bait for the by-standers,)
Some sheets of music, and the mails from Flanders ;

Or if in one great effort for renown,
 Striving in clamour, law and sense to drown,
 He forc'd the learned Bench to put him down;
 Joyless to him that night the mimic strain,
 And Congreve holds his mirror up in vain.

Cynthia poor soul, must muzzle ev'ry feeling,
 Or else some secrets there is no concealing,
 Shou'd she give way to tears—the silver flood
 Touch'd by her magic cheek, wou'd turn to blood,
 Nor dares in peals of clam'rous laughter join—
 She has no pearls—to throw at odious swine.

Though Leibia's iv'ry prompts the frequent smile
 The balance is against her all the while,
 For those sweet smiles which graciously she plies,
 Relax the treach'rous muscles near her eyes,
 And thus unguarded, to her fav'rite beau,
 For ev'ry dimple twenty furrows shew.

But bless the fashion, whose indulgent care
 From whale-bone bondage liberates the fair.
 Displays the limb, admits the lover nigh
 And gives th' emancipated breast to sigh,
 For now no longer her reluctant waist
 Pants in its prison, as with armour brac'd.

But from her bosom flung a story high'r,
On slipp'ry surface swings her loose attire;
Her zone promoted to an upper station,
Eyes with regret its former occupation,
Sees unembrac'd the bliss it once surrounded,
And all the ancient landmarks quite confounded.

Here then no fullen or vexatious care,
Annoys the audience, or dismays the play'r;
Where to reward us for our humble pains
Th' eternal sun-shine of good humour reigns,
True taste, true fashion, dignity and ease,
Sour'd by no cross, and no caprice to tease,
Pleas'd with yourselves, who all the world cou'd please. }

At the universal request of the Subscribers this EPILOGUE was spoken again after LOVE IN A VILLAGE, by Mr. ASHE, in the character of HAWTHORN, for which purpose the puff was altered while the Curtain was drawing up, and stood as follows :

Last night, the Private Theatre display'd
The fav'rite vot'ries of the mimic maid.

While just expression sweetly harmoniz'd,
While ev'ry grace of action shall be priz'd,
While Syren sounds the human heart shall warm
Thy sweet Rosetta—Addison shall charm,

But to describe our Hawthorn wou'd be rash,
So much beyond all praise was Captain Ashe,
Whose voice, bewitching as a can of beer,
Tho' sweet not mawkish, deep yet very clear,
Strong without head-ache, gentle yet not dull,
Smooth but not flat without o'erflowing full.

*Blest be the song, where no barbarian band,
For treble tones, depopulates the land,
Italian pipes of ev'ry effort lavish
To reach the heart—may tickle, but can't ravish;*

*As much for virtu'ous beauty more alluring
Is Dublin Castle, than the Court of Turin,
So far prefer'd to their outlandish squalling,
The manly Bag-pipe of the Bog of Allen.*

Our Audience too, &c.

* * The lines in Italics were considered as *equivocal*, and as there was a possibility of doubt, they were not spoken.

EPILOGUE,

No. II.



WRITTEN FOR A
THEATRICAL SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN,

WHO ACTED IN
LIMERICK, FOR CHARITY,

IN THE YEAR 1785,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. ASHE,

AFTER VENICE PRESERVED.



AS some school stripling when his task is done,
Anxious to know what judgment he has won,
Looks up with eager countenance to trace,
A kind decision in his master's face,
Just so impatient, here I take my station,
To read in your's one line of approbation.

How vain our hopes the least applausé to share
Had we provok'd the buskin'd muse elsewhere,

'Midst pedants, fops and all those spiteful things
That wou'd be wasps, if they but had the stings,
Who censure still without one fault discerning,
And own the critics spite, but not his learning.
" Pshaw," says a Doctor (some pragmatic prig,
Though faith he'd judgment—if you believe his wig)
" How Otway's charming language was disgrac'd
" For not an emphasis was justly plac'd."
" Egad," says Foretop " not a dancing bear
" But treads the stage with much a better air
" And for their clothes, they fitted 'em like sailors
" Now who the mischief cou'd have been their taylors ?"
Then comes Miss Fifty, who has long exclaim'd at
All those male things, whom formerly she aim'd at,
As hapless fishermen corrupt the lake
And poison ev'ry trout they cannot take——
Thus her critique proverbially begins
" Well charity hides a multitude of sins,
" But is there any moral pow'r to hide
" The vanity of fops, and coxcombs pride
" Who ran the risk of peltings, groans and hisses,
" To shew their nauseous persons—to the misses."

Fifteen comes next, by malice yet untainted,
And vows we look'd well—but believes we painted.

Thus thro' all ranks, thro' ev'ry trade and calling
We run the gauntlet, and we get a mauling.

But here we nothing dread, when ev'ry feature
Shews that your judgment yields to your good nature,
Where ev'ry man appears the player's friend
And seeks not where to censure but commend,
Where you ye fair seem anxious to repay,
The praise your Charms receiv'd some former day.
But if to-night your sympathizing hearts,
Throb'd at the poet's or the player's arts,
If to have seen such seas of anguish rise,
Drew pearly sorrows from your melting eyes,
The comic Muse her festive scene prepares,
To wake your dimples, and dispel your cares.

EPILOGUE,

No. II.

SPOKEN AFTER

THE COMEDY OF
ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

THIS world is all a stage, our bard declares
And all its men and women merely play'rs,
Disguis'd in dress, in character and wit,
Assuming parts and aping scenes unfit,
When ardent *Romeo*, some night's cast requires
Cold-blooded age the lusty task aspires,
And bulky *Juliets* brace their brawn charms,
To lure this tassel gentle to their arms.

Just so in life—the Col'nel who commands
At city camp some newly levied bands,
A *Dame-street* loungee as to air and shape,
But *Buonaparte*—as to cuffs and cape.

Except for pencils who ne'er dealt in lead
 Nor e'er smell'd powder—save what decks his head,
 Whose foes may laugh at perils that await 'em
 From holsters stuff'd with sticks of rose pomatum,
 Let but dear woman's lovely form divine
 In magic influence pass along the line.
 From foot to head he feels a warlike shock
 And his plum'd hat assumes a fiercer cock,
 Struggling with fate to put the coxcomb down,
 He strains his vacant face to manly frown,
 Assumes at once in agony to please her,
 The fire of *Pyrrhus*, and the porte of *Cæsar*,
 And crowding ev'ry martial grace together,
 Seems metamorphos'd by his sword and feather.

So the *French* cook, that arch and treach'rous sinner,
 Whose arts disguise and ruin many a dinner,
 Spits a fat capon, and with fraud quite shameless,
 Sticks a long feather—in a part that's nameless,
 When straight behold a change as rare as pleasant,
 For the tame bird becomes at once—mock—pheasant.

Lord Random crops—and crops so much prevail,
 No head can say—that thereby hangs a tail;
 Sharp sett on *Packwood's* strop the busy sheers,
 Ply thro' all ranks from 'prentices to peers.

'Till the crop'd sage all shiv'ring feels, alas !
The wind not temper'd to the self-thorn aís.

The ladies next as demi-crops enroll,
And sympathy is caught from poll to poll,
Fashion in colour then rules the hair,
Let crops be black she said, and black they were ;
Cynthia was fair, till Madame *Tournant* taught her,
The necromantic use of honey water,
But steep'd in this a gen'ral jet pervades,
And now she's sable—as the queen of spades.
Then hail black stockings—modern mourner hail,
While love beneath the table shall avail,
For now no black-ball tells when *Ned* and *Peg*,
Speed the soft intercourse from leg to leg,
Th' instinctive touch shall all the board inspire,
The toe conductor of th' electric fire.
But tell me lovely mourner why you shroud
Your heav'nly bosom in a dingy cloud,
While all your rival beauties of the nation,
Are taking 'vantage of your sad probation.
The springing roses here their buds disclose,
While there expands the full blown summer rose,
Alike display'd at each gay shew, and mummary,
Celia's blanc-mange, and *Delia's* *Spanish* flummery,

In vain Count *Rumford* niggard precepts drew,
To close a breast-work, or contract a flue,
Try then can tactic phrase this mode repress,
“ Look to your centre, prithee ma’am—and drefs.”

The dame who far in passion’s empire ranges,
Who oft her lover as her taylor changes,
In sound State policy enacts her pleasures,
And but adopts a change of men—and measures.

Thus then the world’s a stage—the sequel speaks it,
I’ve had my entrance—now I’ll have my exit.

Runs off.

O D E

T O

MRS. WOODCOCK,

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

STAY lovely Woodcock, stay a while,
Still spread thy influence o'er this isle
Still captivate and charm,
Or else to some fair friend impart
That mystic power o'er the heart,
That age itself can warm.
Oh! lend those gifts of social glee,
The pure *bon mot*, the repartee,
The wit that never droops,
Th' enlighten'd converse, grace serene,
That well pois'd dignity of mien,
That bends but never stoops.
Oh! teach that social moral pride,
Thy sex's genius, friend, and guide,
Which hold in conscious worth,
While yet with more than lightning's dash
Presumption's front it springs to dash,
Lead's modest merit forth.

Oh ! teach the man too wise to feel
Those intellectual joys we steal,
From all accomplish'd woman ;
That churlish fate deny'd his frame
The "vital spark of heav'nly flame,"
That severs brute from human.

She's gone—and now who'l strike the lyre,
Whose form shall statuary inspire,
To animate the stone ?
Oh ! who shall now soft music breathe,
For whom Cecilia 'twine a wreath,
Unfading as her own ?

Come mem'ry then thy office lend,
Thou anxious painful busy friend,
Cans't thou our loss restore ?
Ah no ! her image full express'd,
In faithful tints on ev'ry breast,
But proves that loss the more.

ODE

76

MRS. O'CALLAGHAN,

UPON WHOM THE AUTHOR CALLED BY APPOINTMENT, BUT WHO WAS OUT—

WRITTEN IN HER HOUSE WHILE HE TOOK SHELTER FROM A SHOWER OF RAIN.

YOU bit of temptation,
You've broke assignation,
Which I hold to be very uncivil,
So I'll quit your abode,
And go the straight road,
And you Ma'am, may go to the Devil.

Yet all efforts are vain
To encounter the rain,
Which falls without measure or pity,
So here I'll stay fretting,
For fear of a wetting,
But try to be pleasant and witty.

Without dread of a frown,
I've sate myself down,
Your seat at the table I've hit on,
Then talk not of Cupid,
His quiver is stupid,
Compar'd to the sofa you sit on.

With *this end* where I've said,
And your charms in my head,
What a terrible conflict I'm fighting,
It must be presum'd,
That I'll soon be consum'd,
For at both ends the candle is lighting.

O D E

WRITTEN FOR A

D I L E T T A N T E P A R T Y,

AT MRS. FITZGIBBON'S

IN LIMERICK, OCT. 1797.



'T WAS at the feast of genius and of fun,
By fair *Fitzgibbon's* taste led on,
Aloft tho' void of state,
Install'd was *Trant*, and justly fate,
On Talent's polished throne.
While many a Mars was plac'd around,
And ev'ry Mars a Venus found,
So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely *Sentleger* by her side,
Sate by congenial pow'rs allied,
The Grace's boast the Muses pride ;
Polish'd, graceful, lovely pair,
None but th' inspir'd,
None but th' inspir'd,
None but th' inspir'd deserve such fare.

Some wild to speak and few to hear,
The buz annoy'd th' attentive ear,
What ball was best,
Who, finest dress'd,
What ribband wou'd complexion suit,
Trant rais'd the book, and all was mute,
She chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse,
She read of *Shore* the good and great
By too severe a fall,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from her vast estate.

Deserted at her utmost need
By those her former bounty fed.
On the bare earth expos'd she lies,
Without a friend to close her eyes,
The pitying audience woe-struck fate,
Revolving in their alter'd soul,
The various turns of things below,
And now and then a sigh they stole,
And tears began to flow.

Apollo plac'd on high,
Amid celestial choir,
Saw *Woodcock* breathe upon th' enraptur'd lyre,
The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.
The pow'r of beauty then to prove,
He left the blisful seats above,
For gods have felt the force of love
Then seiz'd the lyre and swept the strings,
And all unseen her praise he sings.
The conscious croud confess the sound,
A very goddess they proclaim around,
A very goddess the vaulted roofs rebound,
With ravish'd ears,
Apollo hears,
In all his tones,
The goddess owns,
While rapture shook the spheres.

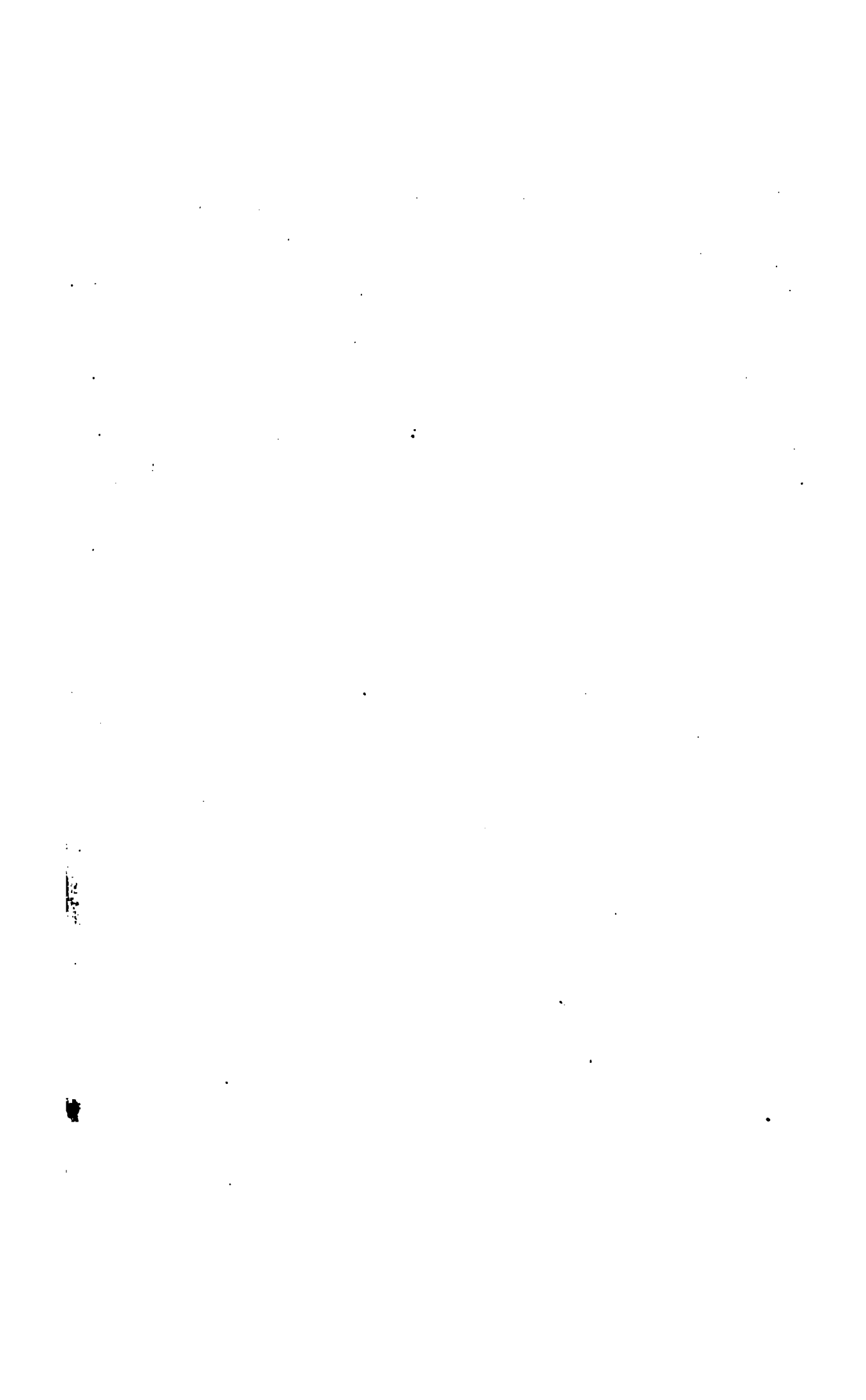
The praise of *Bindon* next the sweet musician sung,
Of *Bindon* lively, fair and young,
The lively maid in triumph comes,
Sound your trumpets, beat your drums,
Illum'd with native grace,
She shews an artless face.

Then softly sweet in Lydian measures,
He sooth'd the soul to love and pleasures,
What tho' *Duncan* beat the *Dutch*,
And win a laurel or a crutch.

War he sung, was toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending still beginning
Fighting still and still destroying,
For her the world were worth the winning,
But without not worth enjoying.
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
And love and beauty join'd to win the cause.

Too long, alas !
Our days in noise were seen to pass,
While reason dropt the tear,
At length divine *Fitzgibbon* came,
Rescu'd one circle from the shame,
And rais'd her standard here.

Then vanish'd ev'ry little passion,
Malice presum'd no more to sway,
Envy abhor'd the face of day,
And gossip scandal stalk'd away,
As reason came in fashion.
But left again
Her pois'nous breath shou'd rise to stain
Fair fame's pellucid mirror,
The guardian muse shall hover near her,
The mist to chase its source proclaim,
Detect the fen from whence it came,
And spread new lustre o'er her sacred name.



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